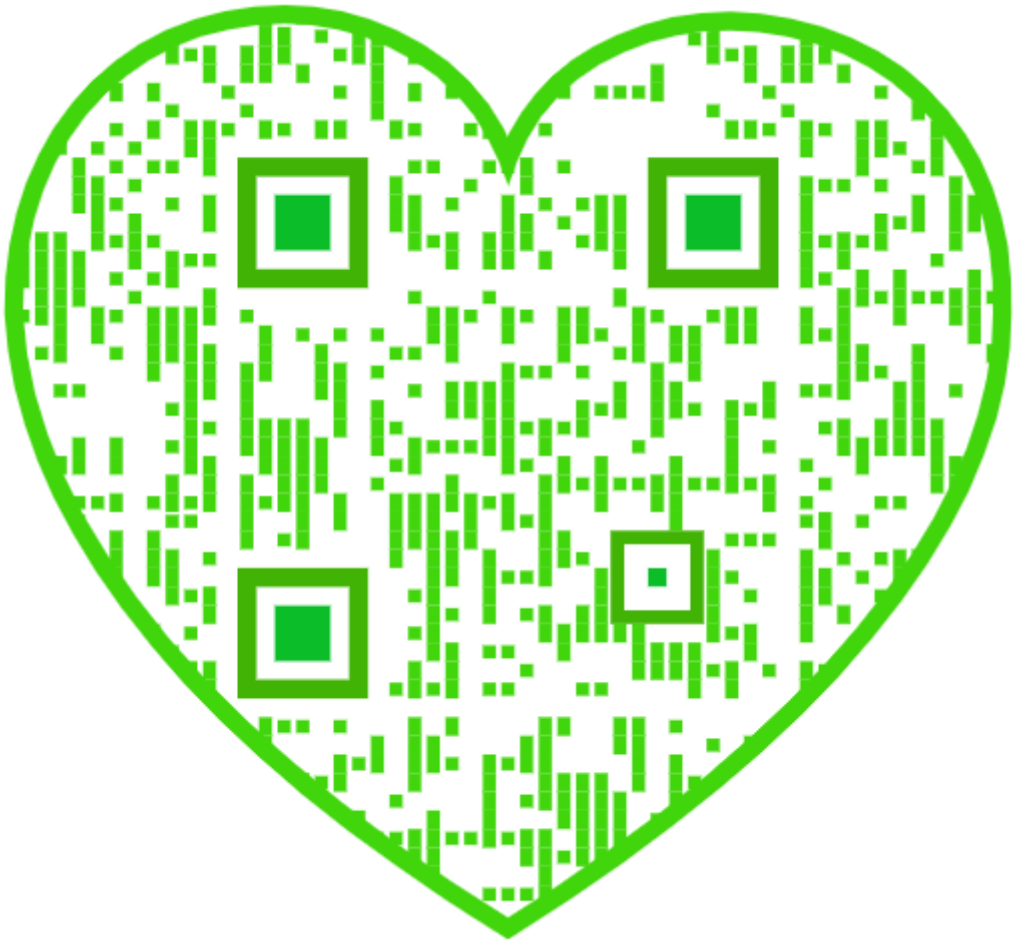

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

FIRST READER

BY

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EDUCATION DEPT.

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PREFACE

CHILDREN come to a First Reader after the Primer knowing a few hundred common words, and able to make out, by phonic analysis, some new words of simple form. That is, they have read a little, and acquired the power to read a little more. The problem of the First Reader is to stimulate in the children further interest, to increase their list of known words, and their command of the phonic elements, to quicken their pace and strengthen their confidence in their reading, and so enlarge their powers and add to their pleasure.

For this, as for the other books of the series, the editors have chosen, from the established children's classics, prose and verse which all are expected to know. Much use is made of stories of the repetitive type. Not only do children like the repeated form, but they get from it the most pleasing and effective kind of drill, and a stimulating sense of achievement. The poetry, the fables, and the other stories present ideas that are simple and congenial to young minds. New words are introduced very slowly at first, and are systematically repeated. Sure and immediate control of words is the right foundation for reading.

In the illustrations the artists have not only helped to interpret the literature, but they have satisfied the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. Except for the word list at the end of the book, all "teaching apparatus," helps and suggestions for the teacher, are excluded. These are given in the Manual written to accompany the text.

THE EDITORS.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Little Boy Blue

Little boy blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.

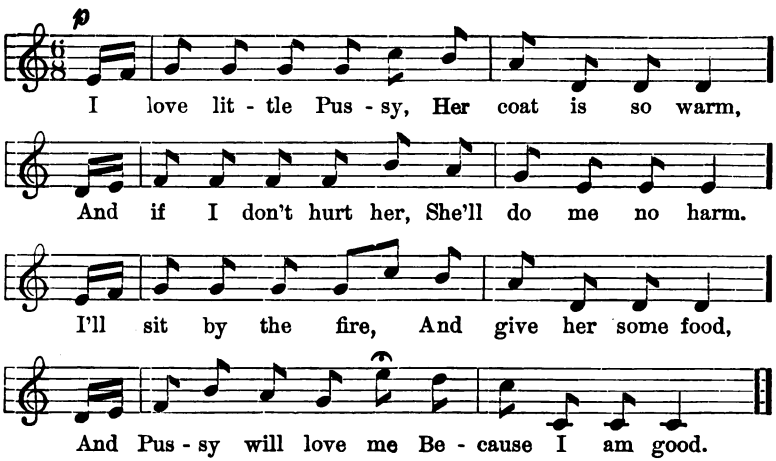
Where is the little boy
Who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

Will you wake him?
No, not I!
For if I do,
He'll be sure to cry.

I Love Little Pussy

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

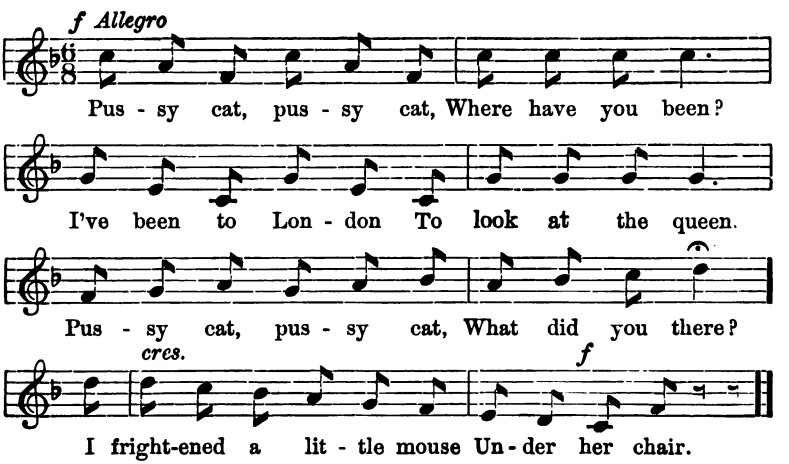
I'll sit by the fire,
And give her some food,
And pussy will love me
Because I am good.


I love lit - tle Pus - sy, Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, She'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire, And give her some food,
And Pus - sy will love me Be - cause I am good.

Pussy Cat

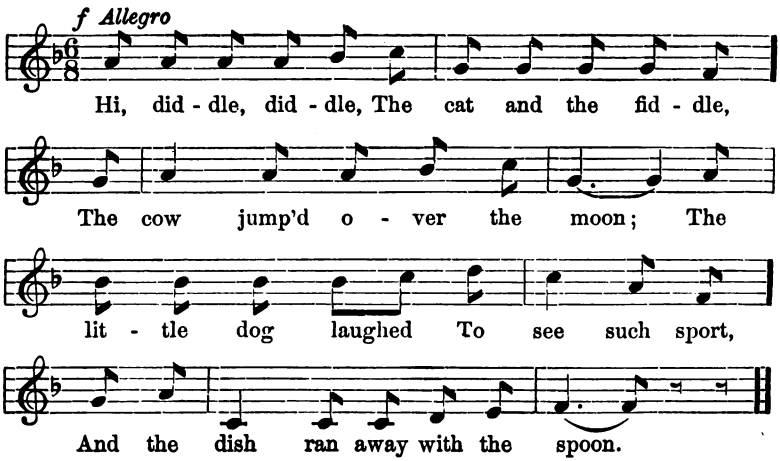
Pussy cat, pussy cat,
  Where have you been?
I've been to London
  To look at the queen.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
  What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
  Under her chair.


f Allegro
Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, Where have you been?
I've been to Lon - don To look at the queen.
Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, What did you there?
cres.
f
I fright-ened a lit - tle mouse Un - der her chair.

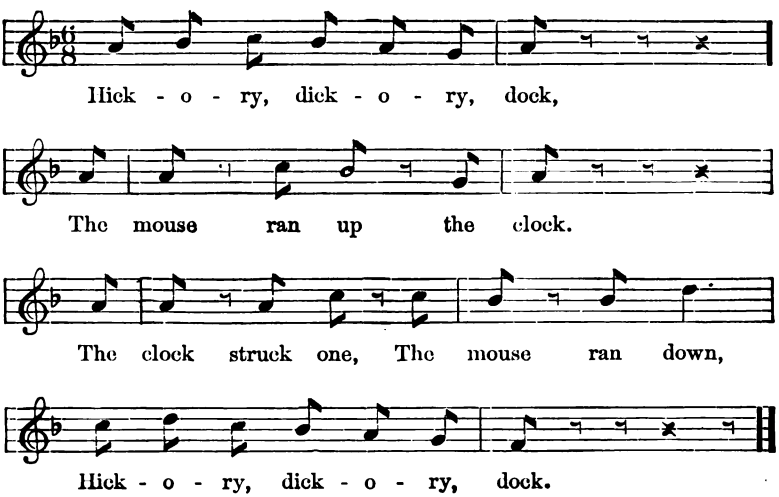
Hi, Diddle, Diddle

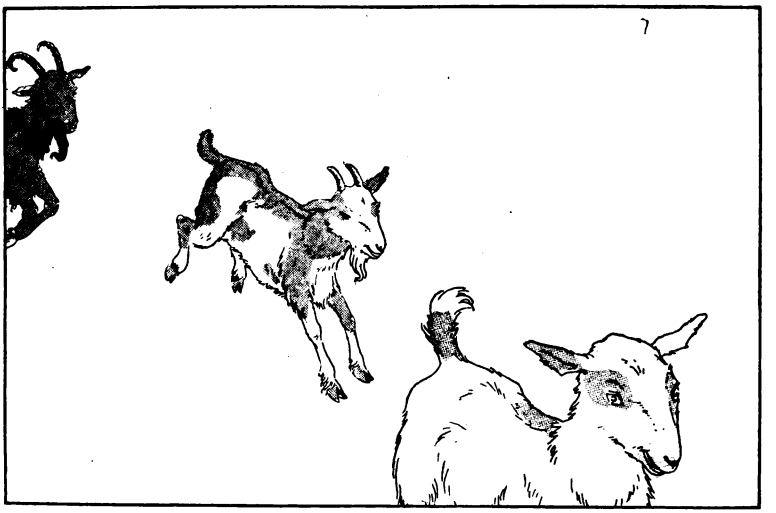
Hi, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.


f Allegro
Hi, did - dle, did - dle, The cat and the fid - dle,
The cow jump'd o - ver the moon; The
lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Hickory, Dickory

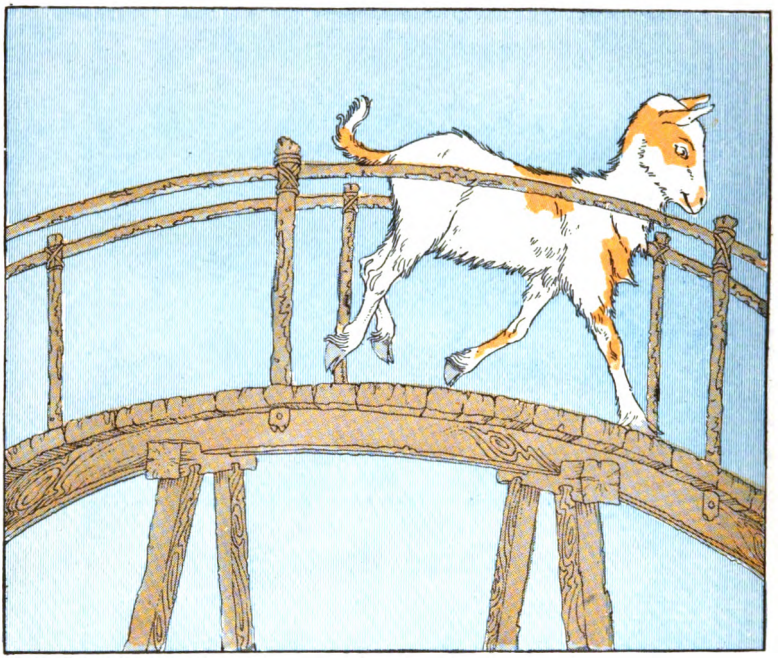
Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



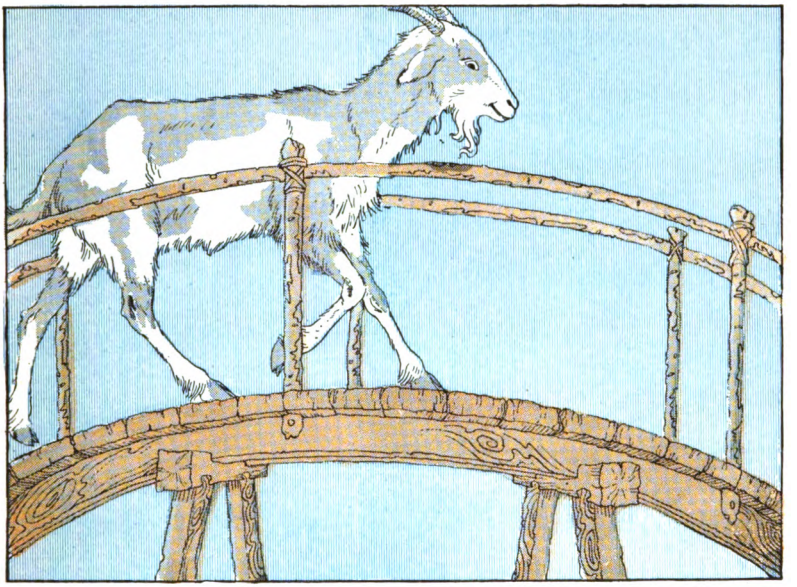


The Three Goats Billy

There were three goats.
There was Little Billy.
There was Big Billy.
And there was Biggest Billy.
They were going across the river.
They were going to eat grass
and grow fat.
Little Billy went first.



"Trip-trip, trip-trip," said the bridge.
A giant under the bridge said,
"WHO IS TRIPPING ON MY BRIDGE?"
"I am," said Little Billy.
"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"I am going to eat grass
and grow fat," said Little Billy.



"I WILL EAT YOU," said the Giant.

"O no," said Little Billy. "Eat Big Billy. He will come soon."

"THEN BE OFF," said the Giant.

Big Billy came next.

"Trip-trap, trip-trap," said the bridge.

"WHO IS TRIP-TRAPPING ON MY BRIDGE?" said the Giant.

"I am," said Big Billy.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"I am going to eat grass
and grow fat."

"I WILL EAT YOU."

"O no, eat Biggest Billy," said Big Billy. "He is coming next."

"THEN BE OFF," said the Giant.

Then Biggest Billy came.

"Trap-trap, trap-trap," said the bridge.

"WHO IS TRAP-TRAPPING ON MY BRIDGE?"

"*I am!*" said Biggest Billy.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"*I am going to eat grass*
and grow fat!"

"I WILL EAT YOU."

"*Come and eat me, then!*"

So the Giant ran out.

Biggest Billy pushed him into the river.
The three goats Billy went
across the river.
They ate grass and grew fat.

The Turnip

Once upon a time there lived
an old man and
an old woman.
They had a nice garden.
The old man planted a turnip.
It grew and grew until it was time
to pull the turnip out.

The old man went into the garden,
and gave the turnip a pull
But it would not come.
He gave it another pull,
a great big pull.
But the turnip would not come
out of the ground.

Then the old man called the old
woman, and said,
"Come and hold on to me,
and help me to pull out
the turnip."
The old woman came.
The old man tugged at the turnip.
The old woman tugged at the old man.
And they pulled and they tugged.
And they tugged and they pulled.

But the turnip would not come
out of the ground.

Then the old woman called a little girl.
And the old man tugged at the turnip.
The old woman tugged at the old man.
The little girl tugged at the old woman.
And they pulled and they tugged.
And they tugged and they pulled.

But the turnip would not come
out of the ground.

Then the little girl called a dog.
And the old man tugged at the turnip.
The old woman tugged at the old man.
The little girl tugged at the old woman.
The dog tugged at the little girl.
And they pulled and they tugged.
And they tugged and they pulled.

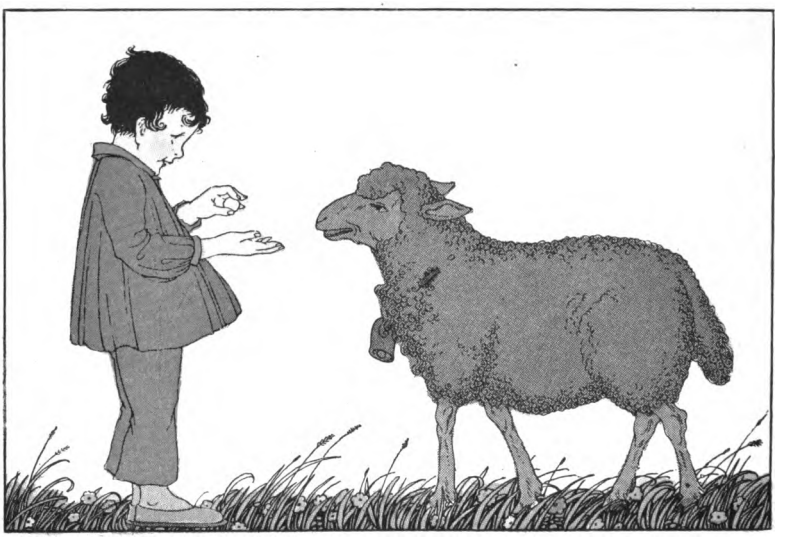
But the turnip would not come
out of the ground.

Then the dog called a cat.
And the old man tugged at the turnip.
And the old woman tugged
at the old man.
The little girl tugged at the old woman.
The dog tugged at the little girl.
The cat tugged at the little dog.
And they pulled and they tugged.
And they tugged and they pulled.
But the turnip would not come
out of the ground.

Then the cat called a mouse.
And the man tugged at the turnip.
And the old woman tugged
at the old man.

The little girl tugged at the old woman.
The dog tugged at the little girl.
The cat tugged at the dog.
And the mouse tugged at the cat.
And they all stood in line,
and gave one great big pull,
and out came the turnip.

Russian Folk Tale.

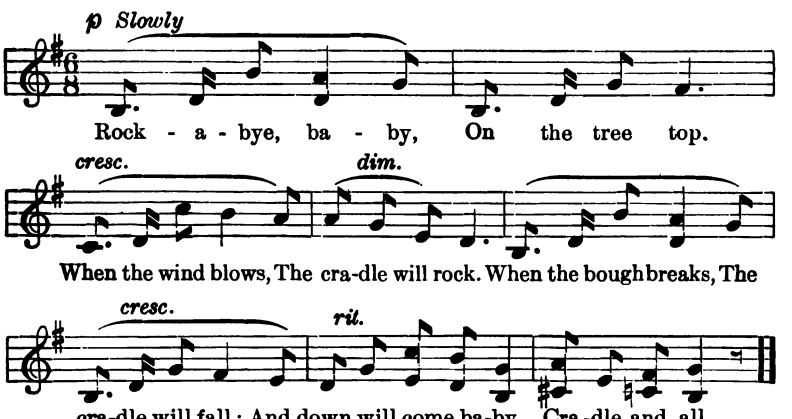


Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, I have
Three bags full.
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

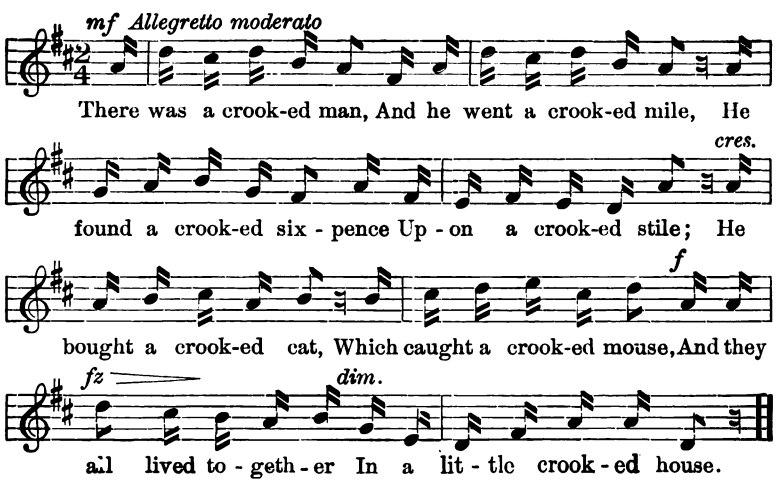
Rock-a-bye

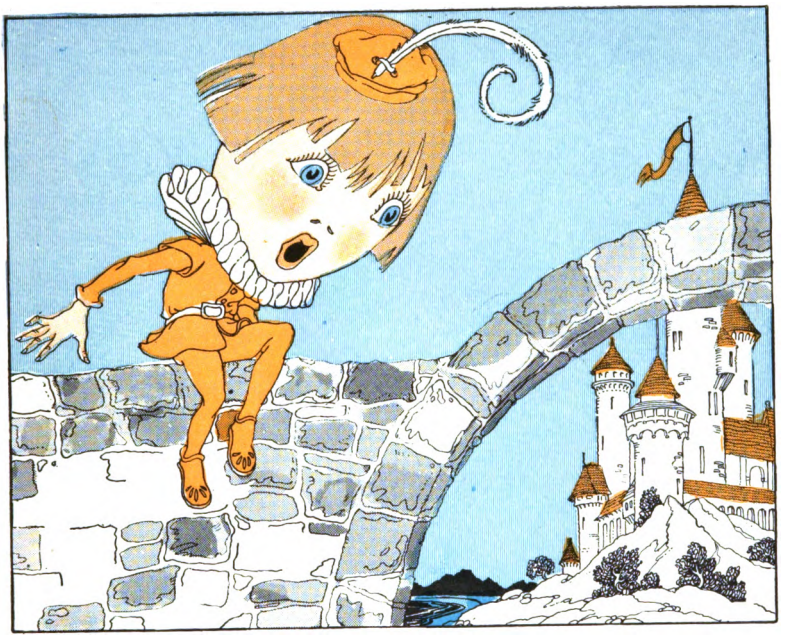
Rock-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
And down will come baby,
Cradle, and all.


p Slowly
Rock - a - bye, ba - by, On the tree top.
cresc.
dim.
When the wind blows, The cra-dle will rock. When the bough breaks, The
cresc.
ril.
cra-dle will fall; And down will come ba-by, Cra-dle, and all.

The Crooked Man

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.


mf Allegretto moderato
There was a crook-ed man, And he went a crook-ed mile, He
cres.
found a crook-ed six - pence Up - on a crook-ed stile; He
f
bought a crook-ed cat, Which caught a crook-ed mouse, And they
fz
dim.
all lived to - geth - er In a lit - tle crook - ed house.



Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

The Old Woman and the Pig

An old woman was sweeping.
She found a new sixpence.
She was glad, and she said,
"I will buy a pig."
So she went out to market,
and she bought a pig.
But the pig would not go home.
He would not get over the stile.

So the old woman went to a dog.
She said,
"Dog, dog, bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."
But the dog said, "No, I won't."
So the old woman went to a stick.

She said,

"Stick, stick, beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the stick said,

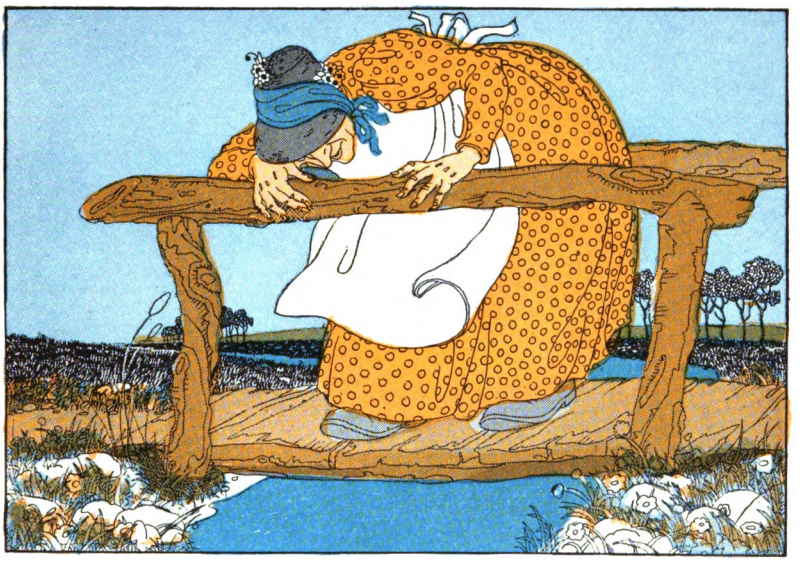
"I won't."

So she went to the fire, and said,

"Fire, fire, burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."

"I will not," said the fire.

So the old woman went on.
She went to some water.
She said,



"Water, water, put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."
"I will not do it," said the water.

So the little old woman walked on.

She saw an ox, and she said,

"Ox, ox, drink water.
Water will not put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."

"I will not," said the ox.

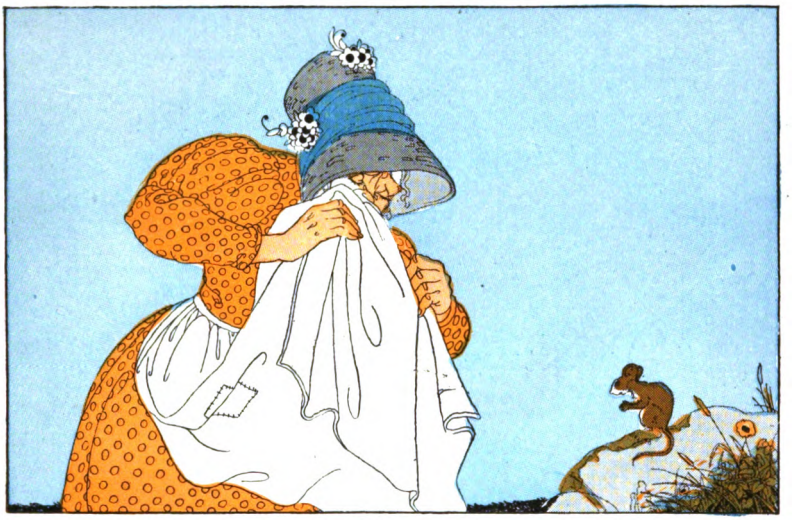
And the old woman walked on.
By and by she met the butcher.
She said,

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox.
Ox will not drink water.
Water will not put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the butcher said,
"I will not do it."

So the little old woman had to go on.
By and by she saw a rope.
She said,
"Rope, rope, hang butcher.
Butcher will not kill ox.
Ox will not drink water.
Water will not put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."
"No, I will not," said the rope.

Then the old woman went to the rat.



She said,

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope.
Rope will not hang butcher.
Butcher will not kill ox.
Ox will not drink water.
Water will not put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."
But the rat said, "No, I will not,"
and ran away.

Then on walked the old woman.
By and by she saw a cat.
"O cat, cat," she said, "kill rat.
Rat will not gnaw rope.

Rope will not hang butcher.
Butcher will not kill ox.
Ox will not drink water.
Water will not put out fire.
Fire will not burn stick.
Stick will not beat dog.
Dog will not bite pig.
Pig will not get over the stile.
And I shall not get home to-night."

The cat said,

"Give me some milk."

So the old woman went to the cow.

"Please, cow," she said, "give me some milk for the cat."

The cow said,

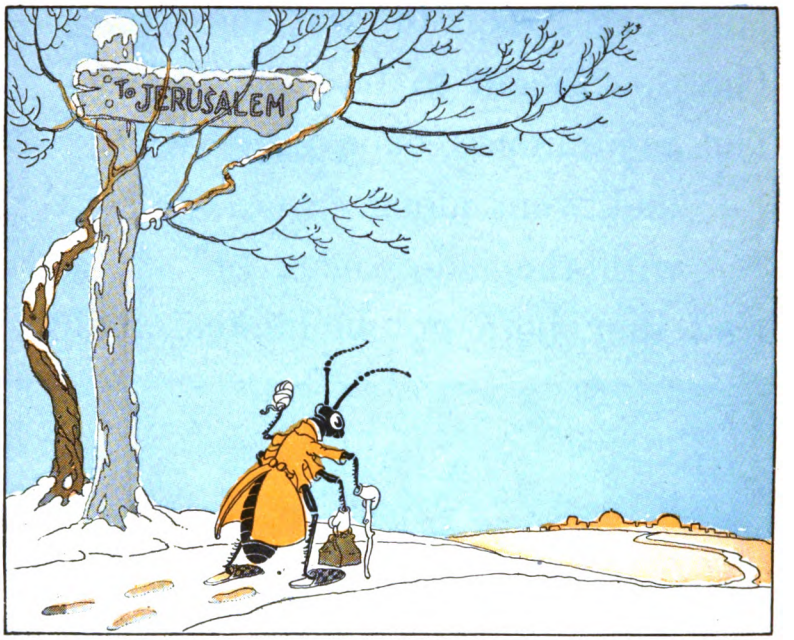
"Give me some hay, and I will."

So away went the old woman to the haycock.
She said, "Please give me some hay for the cow."
"Here it is," said the haycock.

The old woman took it to the cow.
The cow gave her some milk.
She took it to the cat.
The cat drank it.

Then the cat began to kill the rat.
The rat began to gnaw the rope.
The rope began to hang the butcher.
The butcher began to kill the ox.
The ox began to drink the water.
The water began to put out the fire.
The fire began to burn the stick.

The stick began to beat the dog.
The dog began to bite the pig.
The pig jumped over the stile,
and went along
with the old woman.
And they both got home that night.



The Little Ant

There was once a little ant
that was going to Jerusalem.
She met the snow.
The snow cracked the paw
of the little ant
that was going to Jerusalem.

"O snow, how strong you are
to crack the paw of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the snow spoke and said,
"The sun that melts me
is stronger than I am."

"O sun, how strong you are,
to melt the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the sun spoke and said,
"The cloud that hides me
is stronger than I am."

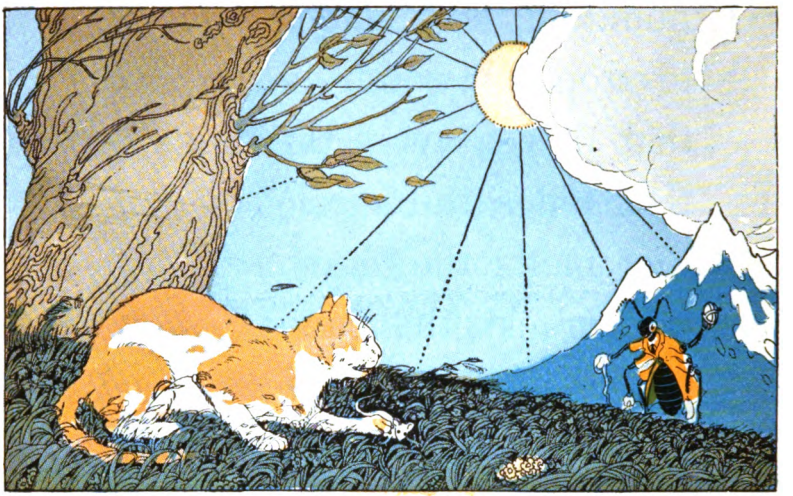
"O cloud, how strong you are,
to hide the sun,

that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the cloud said,
"The wind that drives me away
is stronger than I am."

"O wind, how strong you are,
to drive away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the wind said,
"The mountain that stops me
is stronger than I am."

"O mountain, how strong you are
to stop the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the mountain said,
"The mouse that bores through me
is stronger than I am."

"O mouse, how strong you are,
to bore through the mountain,
that stops the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,



that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the mouse said,
"The cat that eats me
is stronger than I am."

"O cat, how strong you are,
to eat the mouse,
that bores through the mountain,

that stops the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the cat said,
"The dog that chases me
is stronger than I am."

"O dog, how strong you are,
to chase the cat,
that eats the mouse,
that bores through the mountain,
that stops the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,

that eats the mouse,
that bores through the mountain,
that stops the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the fire said,

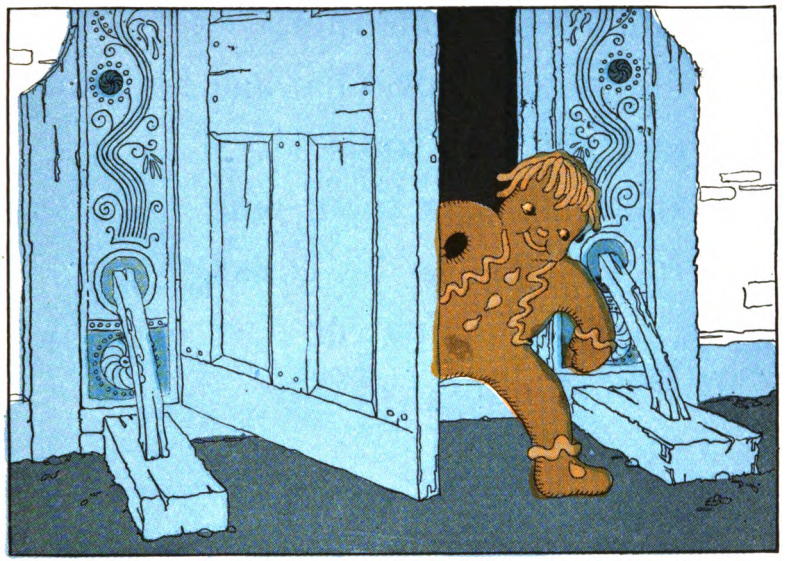
"The water that puts me out
is stronger than I am."

"O water, how strong you are,
to put out the fire,
that burns the stick,
that beats the dog,
that chases the cat,

that eats the mouse,
that bores through the mountain,
that stops the wind,
that drives away the cloud,
that hides the sun,
that melts the snow,
that cracks the paw
of the little ant
that is going to Jerusalem!"
And the water said,
"The cow that drinks me
is stronger than I am."

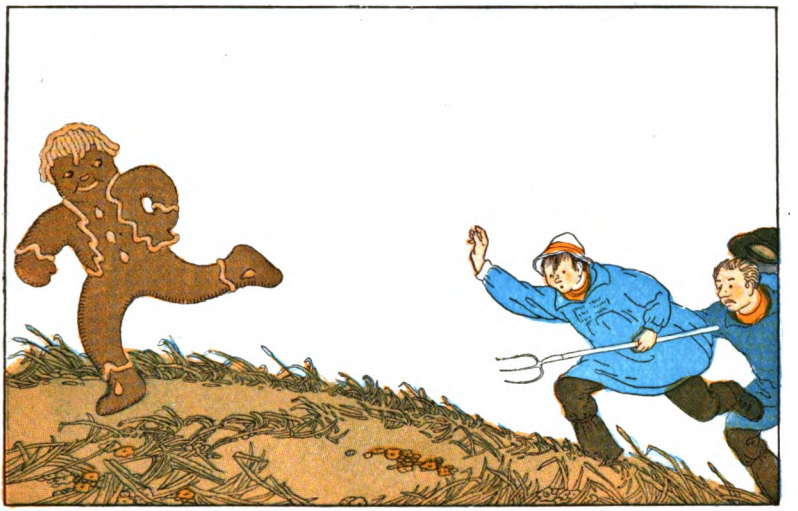
"O cow, how strong you are,
to drink the water,
that puts out the fire,
that burns the stick,
that beats the dog,

She said to her little boy,
"Stay here and watch the oven.
See that the cookies do not burn.
And watch the Gingerbread Boy.
We do not know what he may do."
Well, the boy watched the oven
for a time;
but, by and by, he went out
to get a drink of water.
As soon as he was out of the door,
the Gingerbread Boy
hopped out of the pan,
jumped out of the oven,
and was down on the floor.
The boy heard him and ran back
as fast as he could.
He tried to shut the door.
But he was not in time.



In a minute the Gingerbread Boy
was through the door
and out in the yard.
He ran through the yard.
He ran out into the road,
and he kept running
as fast as he could go.
The boy ran after him.

He called to his mother.
The old woman saw what had happened,
and she ran too.
The old man saw them, and he
ran as fast as he could.
But they could not run fast enough.
They could not catch the Gingerbread
Boy.
So they walked back home.
The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
He felt happy, and he liked to run.
He was pleased with himself.
By and by he came to two farmers.
"Wait a minute," they cried.
"You look good enough to eat.
Come here, and we will eat you."
But the Gingerbread Boy did not stop.
He ran on and called out:

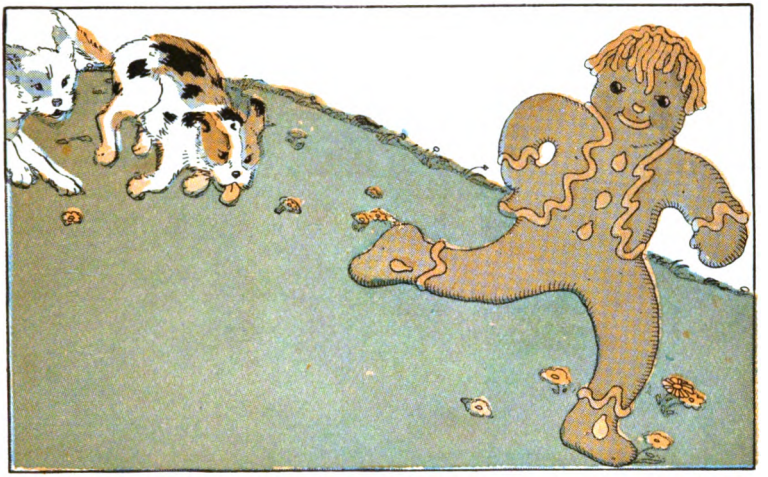


"I've outrun a woman,
A boy, and a man.
I can outrun you, too.
I'm sure that I can."
Down the road he ran.
The farmers ran behind him
as fast as they could.
But they could not catch him.
So they walked back home.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
He came to two puppies by the road.
First they saw him,
and then they smelled him.
He smelled good enough to eat.
"Wait a minute," they said.
"You smell good enough to eat.
Wait, so that we can eat you."
But the Gingerbread Boy ran on.
He called back:

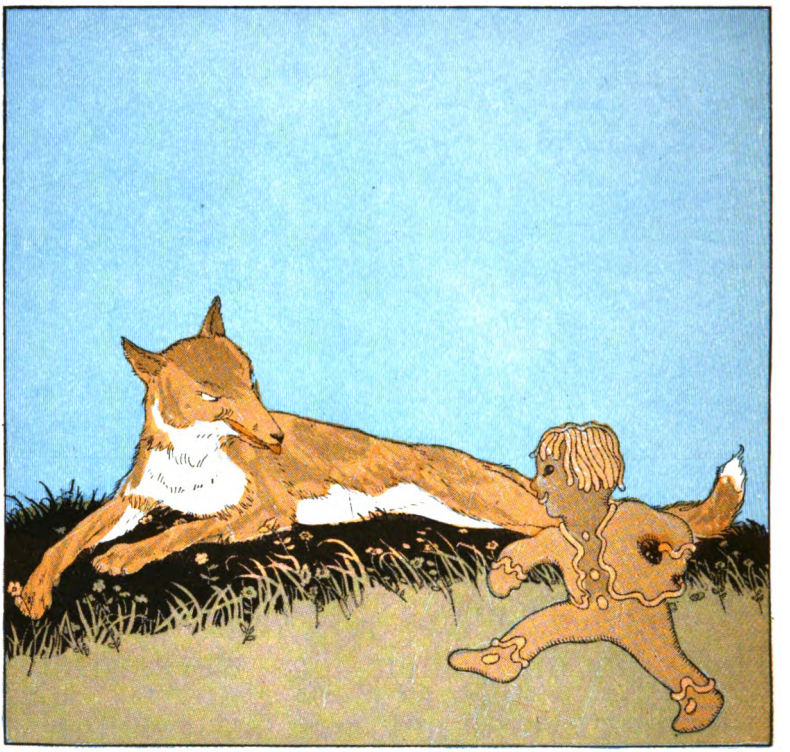
"I've outrun two farmers,
As fast as they ran,
A little old woman,
A boy and a man.
I can outrun you, too.
I'm sure that I can."

Down the road ran the Gingerbread Boy.



The puppies ran after him.
They ran as fast as they could.
They ran until their legs were tired.
But they could not run fast enough
to catch the Gingerbread Boy.
So they walked back home.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
By and by he came to a fox.
The fox was lying close by the road.



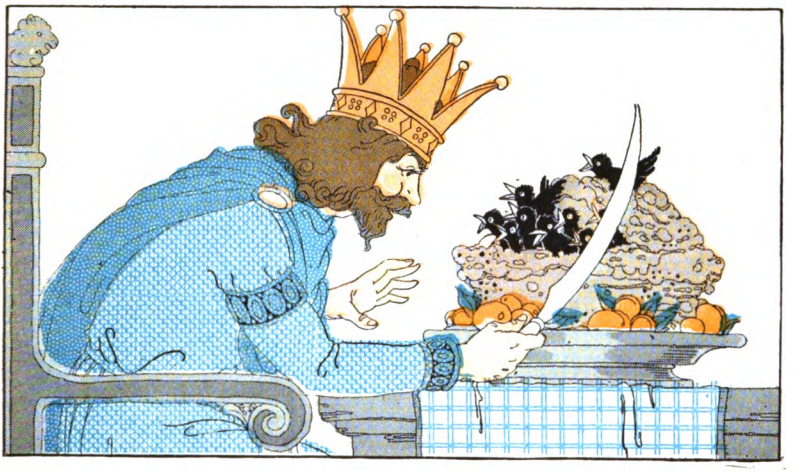
He did not move.
He called to the Gingerbread Boy,
"Good morning.
You seem to be in a hurry.
Where are you going so fast?"

The Gingerbread Boy stopped a minute.
He wanted to hear what the fox said.
"You are a fine boy," said the fox.
"Where are you going so fast?"
Then the Gingerbread Boy said:

"I've outrun the puppies,
And farmers who ran.
A little old woman,
A boy and a man.
I can outrun you, too.
I'm sure that I can."

"Oh," said the fox, "I see.
It's those fine legs of yours.
I think I never saw such fine legs.
Please come close to me.
Don't be in such a hurry."
No one had ever been so kind
to the Gingerbread Boy before.

So he came nearer and nearer.
Soon he was close to the fox.
Then the fox gave one jump,
and one bite with his teeth.
That was the end
of the Gingerbread Boy.



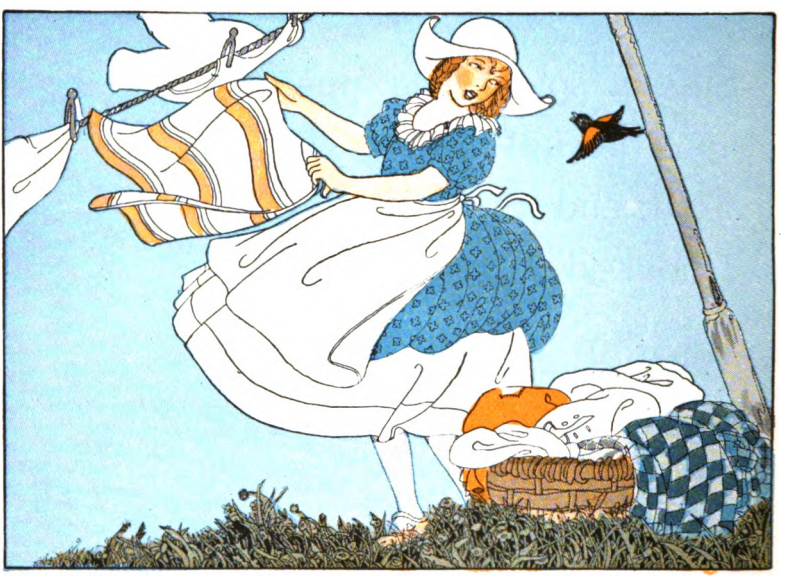
Sing a Song of Sixpence

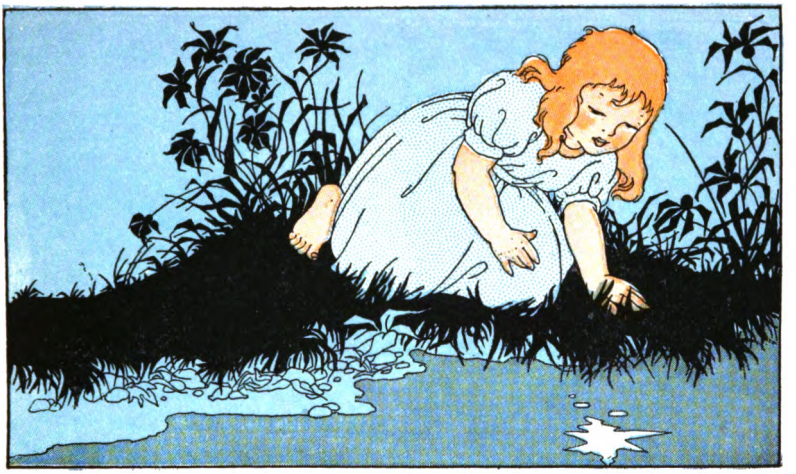
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And nipped her on the nose.

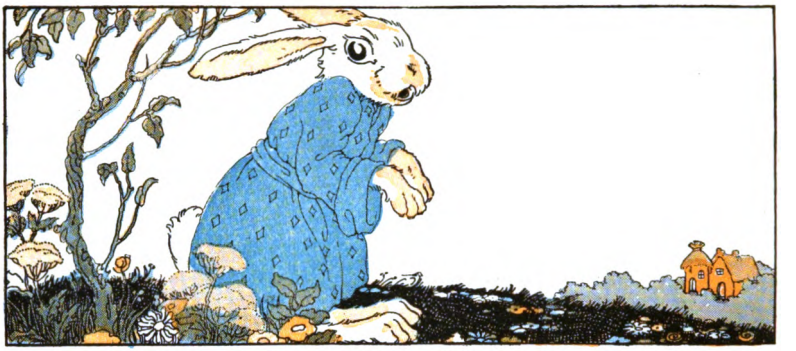




A Star

I have a little sister;
They call her Peep, Peep.
She wades in the water
Deep, deep, deep;

She climbs the mountains,
High, high, high —
Poor little sister!
She has but one eye.



The Timid Hare

Once upon a time
there was a timid hare.
All hares are timid; but this one
was more timid than all the others.
She always thought some terrible thing
was going to happen.

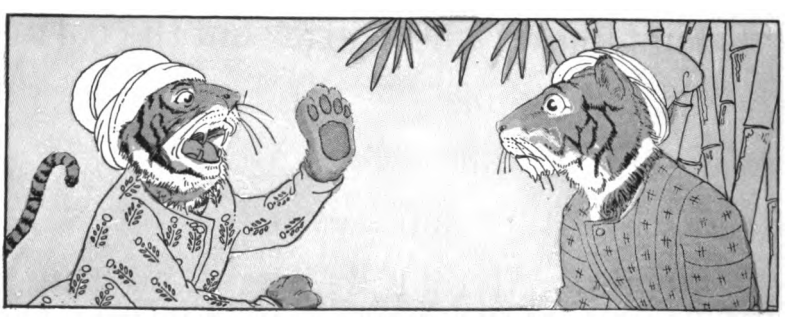
She thought the earth might burn up,
or fall to pieces, and she would say,
"If the earth were to fall in,
what should I do?"

At last she began to believe
that this was going to happen.

One day when she was alone she heard
a little noise.
It was only a heavy nut falling.
But she became much frightened.
"Now," she said, "the earth is falling in."
She was frightened almost to death.
She began to run as fast as she could.

By and by she met another hare, and said,
"The earth is falling in!"
"Where?" said the other hare.
"I don't know," she said; "but the earth
is falling in."
And off she ran.
Then the other hare also became so
frightened that he began to run.

He told the story to his brother.
That brother told the story
to all the family.
They told it to other hares.
At last all the hares in the forest
were frightened and running about.
All of them were saying,
"The earth is falling in!"
Now the bigger animals heard it,
and began to be afraid.
The sheep told one another.
The elephants told one another.
The tigers also told one another.



They ran about saying,
to everyone who passed,
"The earth is falling in!"

But the lion said,
"I don't believe it."
He asked the elephant,
"How do you know?"
The elephant answered,
"A tiger told me."
He asked the tiger,
"How do you know?"
The tiger answered,
"A sheep told me."
He asked the sheep,
"How do you know?"
The sheep answered,
"A hare told me."

He asked a hare, "Who told you?"
"One of my brothers," said the hare.
"All the family know it."

By and by the lion found the little hare
that began it all.
The lion said, "Why did you say
the earth is falling in?"
"I saw it," said the little hare.
"Come and show me," said the lion.
Now the little hare was afraid to go.
But she was more afraid of the lion.
So she went.
"Here it is," she said.
"But I see nothing," said the lion.
"O yes," he said, "I do see.
This big nut made the noise.
The earth is *not* falling in.

Now go and tell every other animal."
So the little hare went, and called out,
"The earth is *not* falling in!"
One by one all the other animals
called to one another,
"The earth is not falling in."
And the little hare was so tired
that she lay down and slept
for twelve hours.

Hindu Tale.

Number Song

One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, shut the door.
Five, six, pick up sticks.
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.

A Song for Five Toes

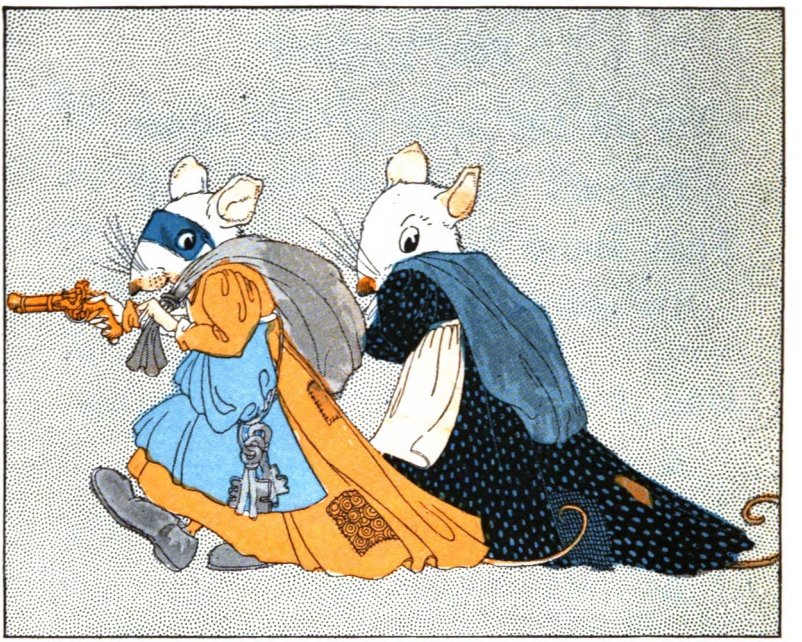
This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef.
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee!"
all the way home.

Foot Soldiers

'Tis all the way to Toe town,
  Beyond the Knee high hill,
That Baby has to travel down
  To see the soldiers drill.

One, two, three, four, five, a-row —
  A captain and his men —
And on the other side, you know,
  Are six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

JOHN B. TABB.



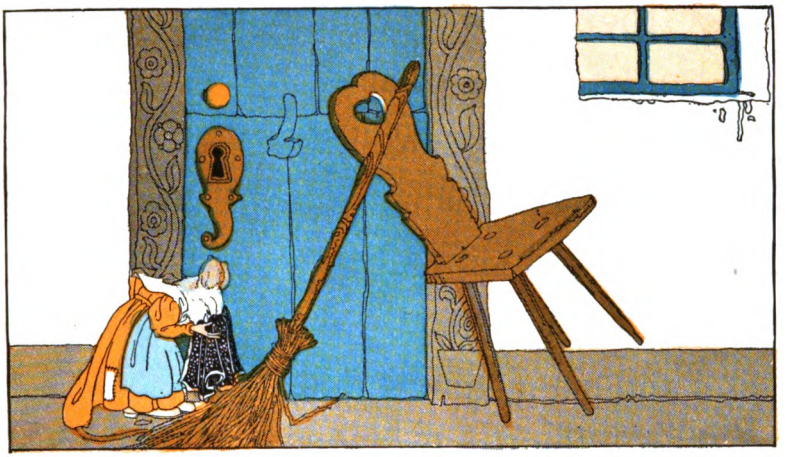
Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse

Titty Mouse lived in a house.
Tatty Mouse also lived in a house.
So they both lived in a house.
Titty Mouse went stealing.
Tatty Mouse also went stealing.
So they both went stealing.

Titty Mouse stole an ear of corn.
Tatty Mouse stole an ear of corn.
So they both stole an ear of corn.
Titty Mouse made a pudding.
Tatty Mouse made a pudding.
So they both made a pudding.
Titty Mouse put her pudding on the fire.
She upset the pudding
and burned herself to death.
Then Tatty Mouse sat down and wept.
Now there was a little chair near by.
And the chair asked,
"Tatty, what is the matter?
Why do you weep?"
"Oh," Tatty answered, "Titty is dead,
and so I weep."
"Then," said the little chair, "I'll hop."
So the chair hopped.

Now there was a broom
in the corner of the room.
The broom said,
"Little chair, what is the matter?
Why do you hop?"
"Oh," said the chair, "Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps, and so I hop."
"Then," said the broom, "I'll sweep."
So the broom swept.

The door saw the broom sweep.
So the door asked,
"Broom, why do you sweep?"
"Oh," answered the broom,
"Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and so I sweep."
"Then," said the door, "I'll shut."
So the door shut.



The window heard the door shut.
So the window said,

"Door, why do you shut?"

"Oh," said the door, "Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and so I shut."

"Then," said the window, "I'll creak."
So the window creaked.

Now there was an old bench
outside the house.
The old bench said,
"Window, why do you creak?"
The window said,
"Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door shuts,
and so I creak."
"Then," said the bench, "I'll run
around the house."
So the old bench ran
around the house.
Now there was a little robin
sitting in a tree near the house.
When he saw the bench running
around the house, he said,

"Bench, why do you run
around the house?"
The old bench stopped
a minute and said,
"Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door shuts,
and the window creaks,
and so I run around the house."
"Then," said the robin, "I'll lose all
my feathers."
So the robin lost his pretty feathers.
The tree saw the robin
losing its feathers.
So the tree said,
"Robin, why do you lose all
your pretty feathers?"

And the robin said,
"Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door shuts,
and the window creaks,
and the old bench runs around
the house,
and so I lose all
my pretty feathers."
"Then," said the tree,
"I'll shed my leaves."
So the tree shed all its
beautiful green leaves.
Just then a little girl came by
with a pitcher of milk
for her supper.

And she said,

"Tree, why do you shed all your beautiful green leaves?"

The tree said,

"Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door shuts,

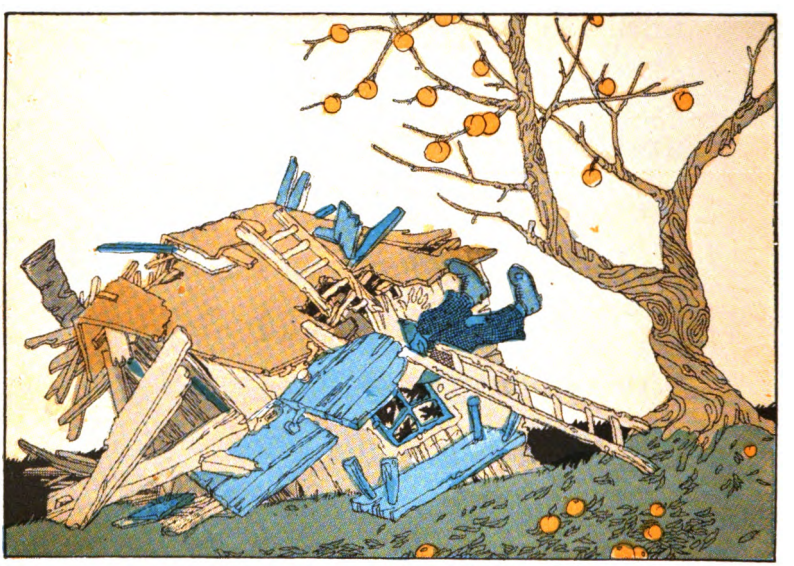
and the window creaks,
and the old bench runs
around the house,
and the little bird loses all
its pretty feathers,
and so I shed my leaves."
"Then," said the little girl,
"I'll spill my milk."
So she dropped the pitcher,
and spilt all her milk.

Now there was an old man
on a ladder,
picking apples from a tree.
And he said,
"Little girl, why did you
spill your milk?"
The little girl said,

"Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,
and the chair hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door shuts,
and the window creaks,
and the old bench runs
around the house,
and the little bird loses all
its pretty feathers,
and the tree sheds all
its beautiful green leaves,
and so I spill my milk."
"Then," said the old man,
"I'll fall off the ladder
and break my neck."
So he fell off the ladder
and broke his neck.
The ladder fell against the house,

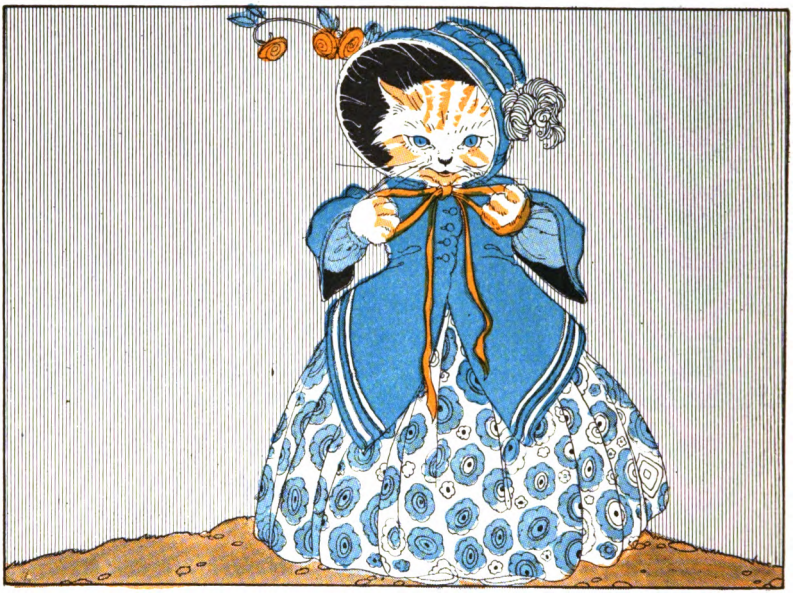
and over the old bench,
and upset the door,
and broke the window.
The house fell down on top of
the chair and the broom
and poor Tatty Mouse.

Old English Folk Tale.



Blow, Wind, Blow

Blow, wind, blow!
and go, mill, go!
That the miller may
grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send them in hot
in the morn.



Where Are You Going, My Little Cat?

"Where are you going, my little cat?"
"I am going to town to get me a hat."
"What! A hat for a cat!
A cat get a hat!
Who ever saw a cat with a hat?"

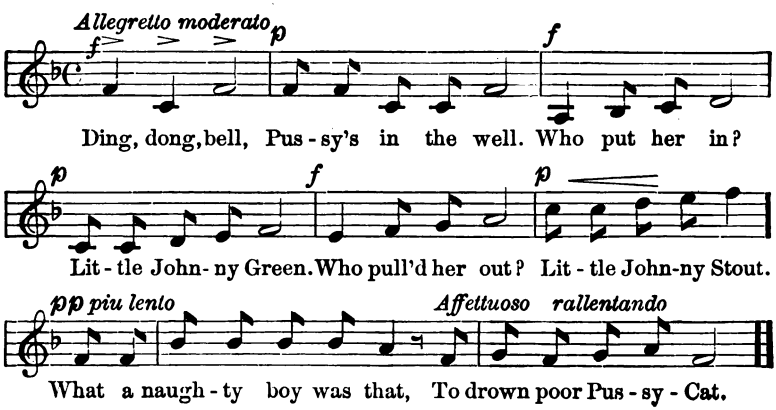
"Where are you going, my little kittens?"
"We are going to town to get us some mittens."
"What! Mittens for kittens!
Do kittens wear mittens?
Who ever saw little kittens with mittens?"

"Where are you going, my little pig?"
"I am going to town to get me a wig."
"What! A wig for a pig!
A pig in a wig!
Who ever yet saw a pig in a wig?"

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

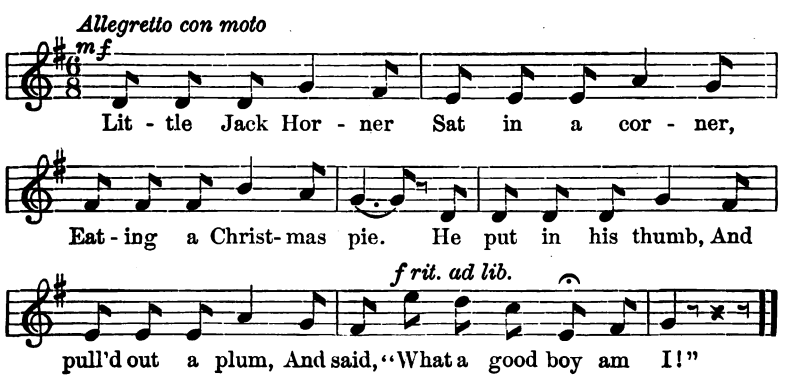
Ding, Dong, Bell

Ding, dong, bell.
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm
But killed the mice in father's barn.


Allegretto moderato
f
p
f
Ding, dong, bell, Pus - sy's in the well. Who put her in?
p
f
p
Lit - tle John- ny Green. Who pull'd her out? Lit - tle John-ny Stout.
pp piu lento
Affettuoso
rallentando
What a naugh - ty boy was that, To drown poor Pus - sy - Cat.

Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"


Allegretto con moto
mf
Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner Sat in a cor - ner,
Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie. He put in his thumb, And
f rit. ad lib.
pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

A Riddle

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

The Mulberry Bush

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush.
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes
Iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes.
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

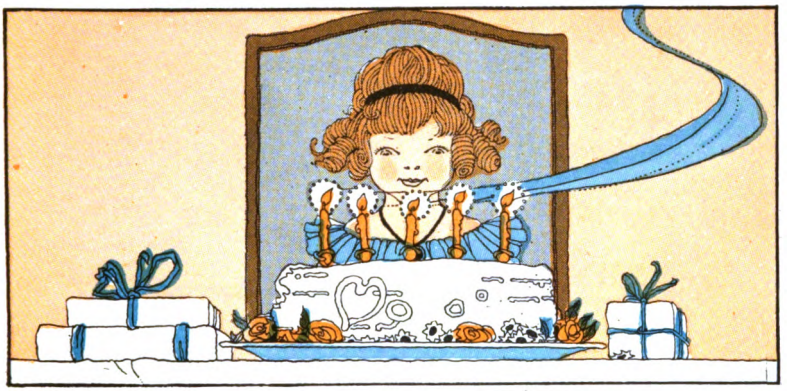
This is the way we scrub the floor,
Scrub the floor,
Scrub the floor.
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes,
Mend our clothes.
This is the way we mend our clothes,
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
Sweep the house,
Sweep the house.
This is the way we sweep the house,
So early Friday morning.

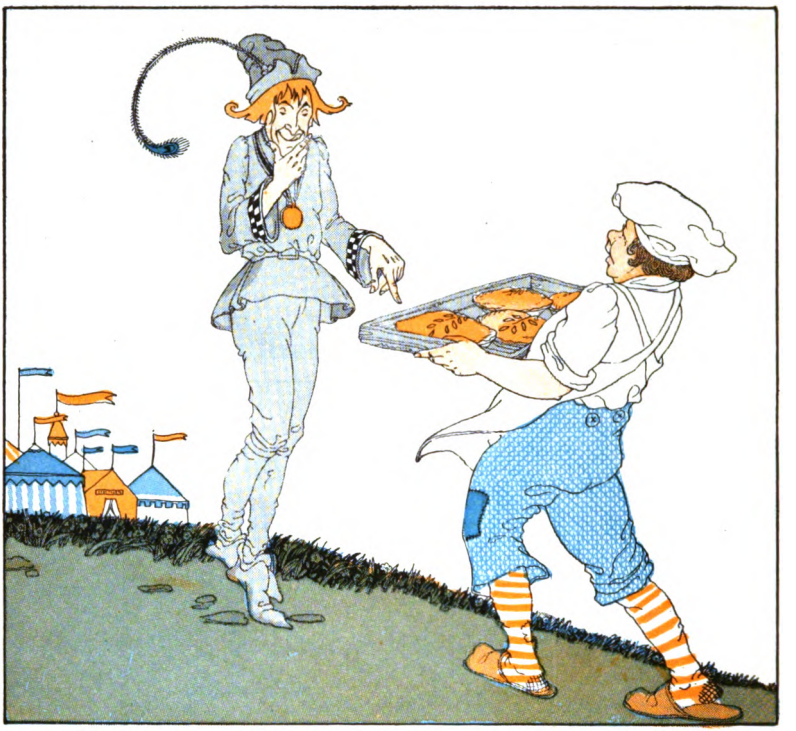
This is the way we bake our bread,
Bake our bread,
Bake our bread.
This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
Go to church,
Go to church.
This is the way we go to church
So early Sunday morning.



Birthdays

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
And a child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.



Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

The pieman said to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail.

He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt
To put upon its tail.

The Brave Blackbird

Many years ago, Mr. Blackbird and
his wife sat on a high tree top.
They were swinging up and down,
and Mr. Blackbird was singing.
Mrs. Blackbird was listening.
Down under the tree
a man was listening, too.

"Look!" said the man.
"That is Blackbird who is singing.
The King wants him caged
to sing in the palace.
I will set a trap for him
under the tree."
So Mr. Man set a trap for Blackbird.
He caught Mrs. Blackbird,
but he didn't know the difference.
So he carried Mrs. Blackbird off
to the palace.
There the King put her in a cage
and hung it in the parlor.
Mr. Blackbird was in a great rage.
He found a sword and a drum
and ran down the street,
crying, "War, war, war!"
As he ran he met a cat.

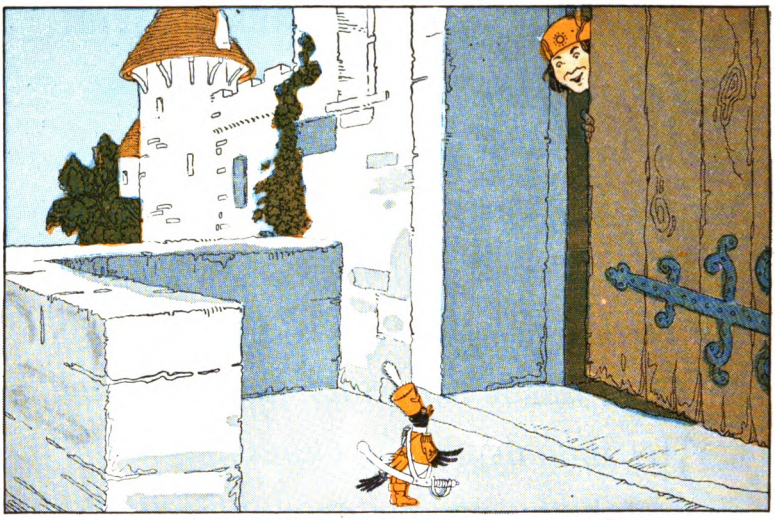
"Where are you going?" asked she.
"To fight the King," cried Blackbird.
"He has my wife caged
and hung in his parlor,
and I am going to find her."
"I will go, too," said the cat,
"for the King drowned my kitten."
"Then jump into my ear,"
said Blackbird.

CALIFORNIA

So the cat jumped into his ear
and went to sleep.
On ran Mr. Blackbird,
crying, "War, war, war!"
Soon he met some ants.
"Where are you going, Mr. Blackbird?" cried they.
"To fight the King," said Blackbird.
"He has my wife caged
and hung in his parlor."
"Let us go, too," said the ants.
"The King had hot water poured
into our holes.
We will fight him, too."
"Jump into my ear," said Blackbird.
So in jumped the ants,
and on ran Blackbird,
crying, "War, war, war!"

Soon he met a rope and a club.
"Where are you going, Mr. Blackbird?" called they.
"Off to the palace to fight the King," cried Blackbird.
"He has caged my wife.
I am going to set her free.
The cat and the ants are going to help me."
"Wait for us," cried the rope and the club.
"We will go, too, and help you to fight."
"Then hurry and jump into my ear," said Blackbird.
In jumped the rope and the club, and on ran Blackbird, crying "War, war, war!"

Near the King's palace was a river,
and as Blackbird was crossing,
he heard it say,
"Where are you going so fast, Mr.
Blackbird?"
Blackbird answered:
"To the palace to fight the King.
He has my wife caged
and hung in his parlor.
I am going to set her free."
"Wait for me," cried the river,
"I will go with you."
"Then make yourself small and pour
into my ear," said Blackbird.
The large river made itself
into a little stream
and poured into Blackbird's ear.
Then Blackbird marched to the palace.



Blackbird knocked on the door
with a thump, thump, thump.
"Who's there?" called the door-keeper.
"It is I, General Blackbird.
I've come to find my wife!"
"Ha, ha," laughed the door-keeper.
"You can't come in."
"Then I will fight!" cried Blackbird;
and he beat his drum loud and long.

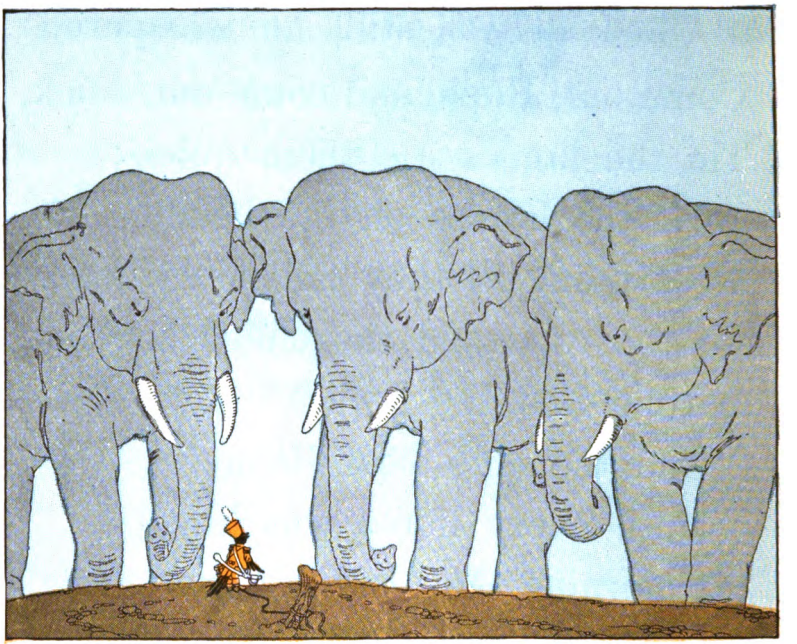
Just then the King looked out
of the window above.
"What do you want?" said the King.
"I want my wife," said Blackbird.
"You shan't have her!" said the King.
"Then we will fight," said Blackbird.
Now this made the King angry.
He called to his men,
"Take this bad bird
and put him in the hen-house.
Let the hens peck him to death."
So the men locked Blackbird
in the hen-house.

But when the hens were asleep,
Mr. Blackbird sang:

"Come out, Pussy, from my ear,
There are hens in plenty here.

Scratch them, make their feathers fly,
Twist their necks until they die."
So out came pussy.
And then how the feathers flew!
She scratched every hen as dead
as a stone.
In the morning the King said:
"Ho, men! Bring in Mr. Dead Blackbird."
When the men went to the hen-house, there sat Blackbird singing sweetly.
And all about him lay the dead hens.
Of course the King was very angry.
"Put this fellow with the wild horses to-night," said he.
"They will soon kill him."
So at night Blackbird was shut
in the stable.

But when all was still, he whispered:
"Come out, Rope, and come out, Stick,
Tie the horses, tie them quick;
Beat the horses on the head,
Beat them till they fall down dead."
Then the rope and the club came out.
The rope tied the horses,
and the club beat them
until every horse was killed.
Next morning the King felt very grand.
He sat high on his throne and said,
"Ho, men! Get me the pieces
of Mr. Blackbird."
So off ran the men to the stable.
But out in the stable Blackbird
was singing merrily.
And all the wild horses were as dead
as stones.



You may guess how angry the King was!

"All right," said he. "Tie this fellow with the elephants to-night. They will soon finish him."

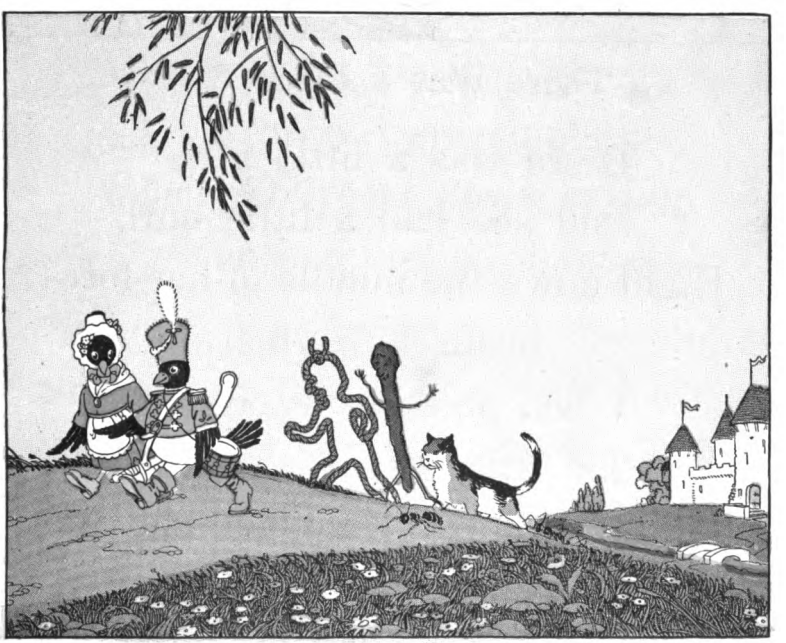
So at night Blackbird was tied with the elephants.

But when all was still, he whispered:
"Come out from my ear, you Ants,
Come and sting the elephants;
Sting each trunk, and sting each head,
Sting them till they fall down dead."
Then the ants came hurrying out.
They bit and stung the elephants
until every one was dead.
In the morning the King said again,
"Ho, there, bring in the pieces
of Mr. Blackbird."
But down in the elephants' house
Blackbird was singing away
and singing away.
And all the elephants were dead.
Then the King was wild with rage.
"To-night I will have this bad bird
in my own room," said he.

So they put Blackbird in the King's
room, and they thought
he would surely die of fear
before morning.
But in the middle of the night
the King heard Blackbird say
"Come out, River, from my ear,
Flow about the bedroom here;
Pour yourself upon the bed,
Drown the King till he is dead."
At once the river came pour, pour,
pouring from Blackbird's ear.
It almost filled the room,
and the King began to get wet.
"Ho, General Blackbird," he called,
"take your wife and go home!"
So Blackbird got his wife from the cage
in the parlor.

Then he and she and the cat
and the ants and the club
and the rope and the river
all went home.
And the King never troubled them
any more.

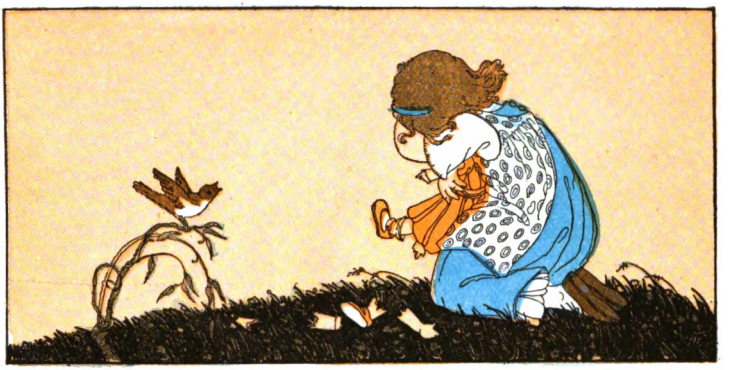
WILLIAM CANTON: *True Annals of Fairy Land.*



There Was a Little Girl

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right down the middle of her fore-
head.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was
horrid.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

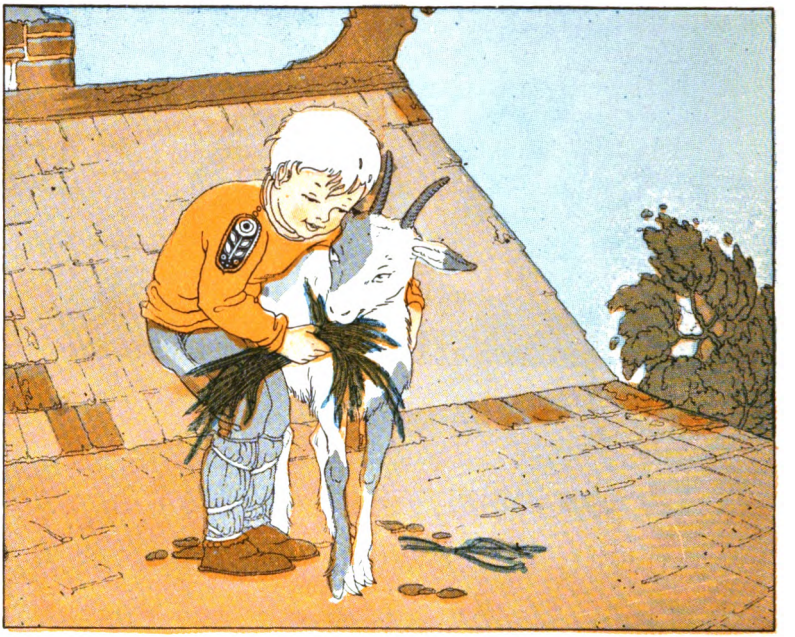


The Broken Doll

All the bells were ringing,
All the birds were singing,
When Molly sat down crying
For her broken doll.

O you silly Moll!
Sobbing and sighing
For a broken doll,
When all the bells are ringing,
And all the birds are singing.

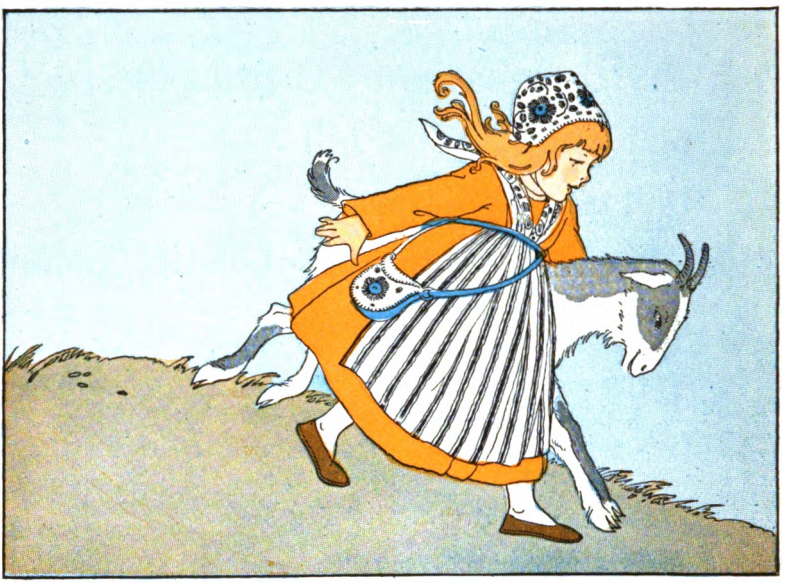
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



Eyvind and His Goat

Eyvind was a happy little boy.
He lived in a small house in Norway.
He had a little white goat that lived on the roof of the house.
He played with the goat, and gave it grass and leaves to eat.

One day the goat jumped from the roof,
and ran up the hill
behind the house.
Eyvind called, "Goatie, Goatie, come
down."
But the goat only said, "Ba-a-a,
ba-a-a!" and would not come down.
Eyvind sat down and cried.
When he looked up again, he saw
a little girl playing with the goat.
"Is this your goat?" called the little
girl.
"Yes," said Eyvind, "he ran away."
"Wait a bit," said the little girl,
"I'll lead him down to you."
She put her arm around the goat's
neck, and led him down the hill.



"Here he is," she said.

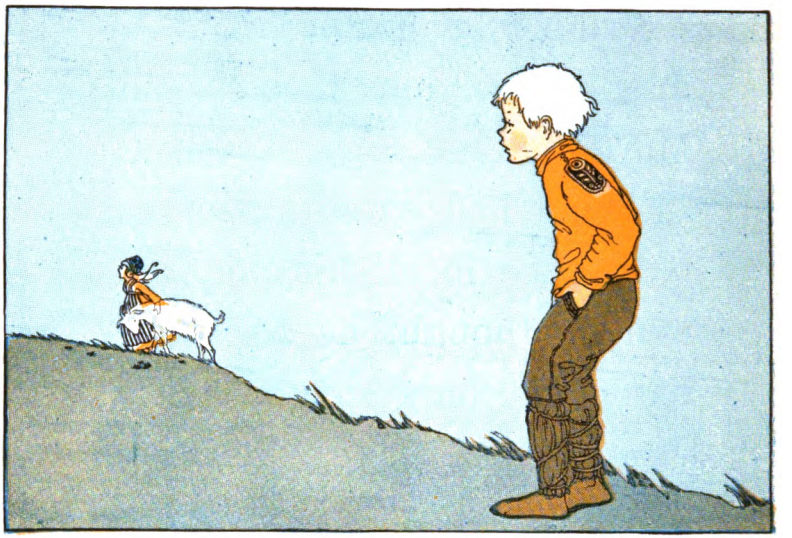
"What is your name?" said Eyvind.

"My name is Marit," said the girl.

"I live at the big farm over there.
I like your goat.
Will you give him to me?"

"No, I won't; he is my pet," said Eyvind.

"If I give you a butter cake,
may I have him then?" said
Marit.
Now Eyvind had eaten butter cake
only once in all his life,
and he thought he had never
eaten anything so good.
"Let me see the cake," he said.
So she handed it to him,
and he took a little piece.
It was so good that he took
a little more, and then a little more.
Soon he had eaten it all.
"Now the goat is mine," said Marit.
Then Eyvind saw what he had done.
He had sold his goat for a cake!
He could not bear to see it go.
"Can't you wait a bit?" he said.



"No, the goat is mine," said Marit,
and she led it away
towards the farm.
Eyvind looked as they went off.
The goat turned and said "Ba-a-a,
ba-a-a!"
Poor Eyvind felt very sad.
He was left alone. He had no pet.
His mother came out of the house.

She saw him sitting and crying.

"What are you crying for?" she said.

"Oh, my goat, my goat!"

"Well, where is your goat?"

"He will never come back," said Eyvind.

"Has the fox taken him?" said his mother.

"No, I sold him for a butter cake."

Then Eyvind told her all about it.

"What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you?" said his mother. "You must learn to think what you are doing."

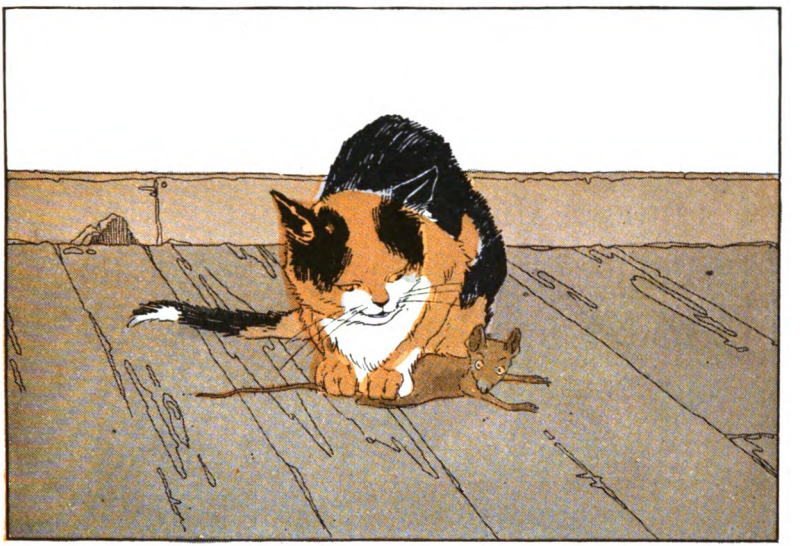
Eyvind could not answer.

He only sat and cried.

By and by he fell asleep, and dreamed about the goat and the little girl.

"Ba-a-a," said a voice in his ear.
He opened his eyes and sat up,
and there was the goat.
He took hold of its two fore feet,
and boy and goat danced for joy.
Then he saw Marit sitting on the grass.
"Oh, you have come too," he said.
"Yes, Father sent the goat back to you.
He said I was wrong.
I came to tell you I am sorry.
I am glad you had the cake.
Now we can be good friends.
can we not?"
"Yes, indeed," said Eyvind.
"We can play with our pet
together."

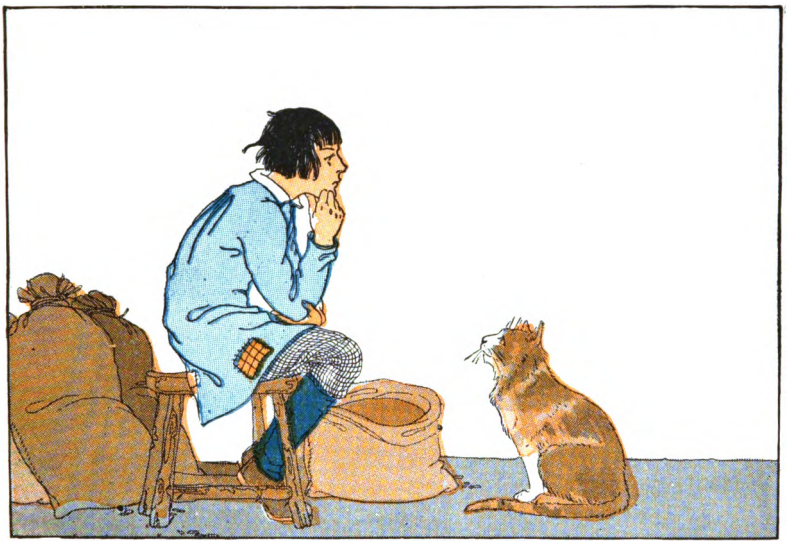
Adapted from BJÖRNSON'S *A Happy Boy.*



Why Cats Wash Their Faces after Eating

Once a cat caught a mouse.
The poor mouse was badly frightened.
He did not know what to do.
Then he had a very wise thought.
He said,
"I suppose you will eat me, Kitty.
But you must wash your face first."

"Why?" said the cat.
"Because," said the mouse, "all nice
persons wash before eating."
"I suppose that is so," said Kitty.
"I should like to be a nice person,
and I had better wash my face."
So she began to wash her face,
and forgot to hold the mouse.
Away he ran to his nest.
"Good-by, Kitty," he cried.
"I am glad that you waited
to wash your face."
"Next time, I shall eat first
and then wash," said Kitty.
"I don't care what people think."
Ever since then, all cats eat first
and then wash their faces.
Have you not seen your cat do it?



Puss in Boots

A poor miller had three sons.
When he died he left them all he had.
To the oldest he left his mill.
To the second he left his donkey.
To the youngest he left his cat.

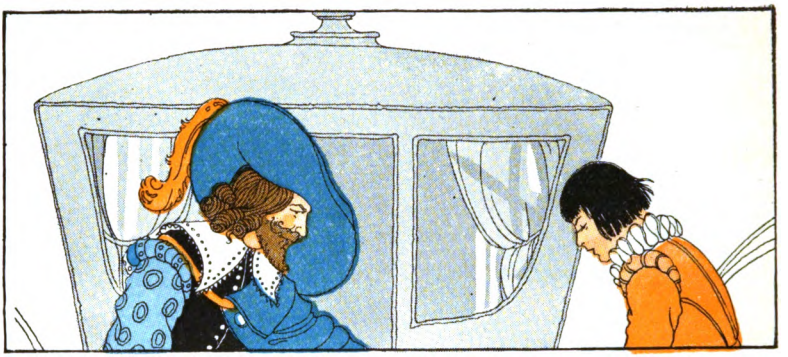
"What shall I do?" said the youngest.
"My brothers can get on very well.

They have the mill and the donkey.
But I have only the cat.
I wish I had silver and land."
But the cat purred and said,
"Do not be sad, master.
We shall do very well.
Bring me a pair of boots to keep
my feet from mud and briars,
and get me a bag to carry.
Then we'll see what can be done
to get silver and land."
So he brought some fine large boots
for his cat, and a green bag
with a red string to it.
Then Puss took the bag and some apples,
and marched out among the briars.
She put a red apple into the bag,
and left it open on the ground.

Then she lay down and made believe that she was asleep.
Soon a young rabbit came to the place.
He smelled the apple and looked into the bag.
Then he went in to get the apple.
Puss pulled the string and shut the bag.
She took the rabbit to the King of the country, and said,
"My master is Marquis of Carabas. He sends you this rabbit."
The King took the rabbit, and said,
"Tell your master I am much pleased."
Then Puss went into a field of corn, and sat with the bag open.
Soon two young quails ran into it.
Puss pulled the string and shut them in.

She took these to the King, and said,
"My master, the Marquis of Carabas,
sends you these quails."
The King said, "Tell your master
I am much pleased."
Every day for a month or more
Puss took the King a present.
And the King said every day,

"Tell your master I am much pleased
to receive this present."
One day Puss heard the King say
he would go riding by the river.
She told her master to go and swim
in the river.
Soon the King rode by
with a company of men.
Puss went to meet him along the bank
of the river and called,
"Help! Help! my master will drown."
The King sent his men to help.
They drew the young man to the bank.
"This is the Marquis," said Puss.
The King liked the young man.
He thanked him for all the presents,
and told his men to bring
dry clothes for the Marquis.



Then the King asked the Marquis
to ride in the coach
between himself and his daughter.
Puss marched on before, in her boots.
Soon she saw some men cutting grass.
She spoke to them and said,
"Tell the King that this land belongs
to the rich Marquis of Carabas."
So when the King came near and asked,
"Whose land is this?" they answered,
"This is part of the land of the
Marquis. He is very rich."

Puss marched on before, in her boots.
She came to some men cutting corn.
She said to them,

"Tell the King that this land belongs to the rich Marquis of Carabas."

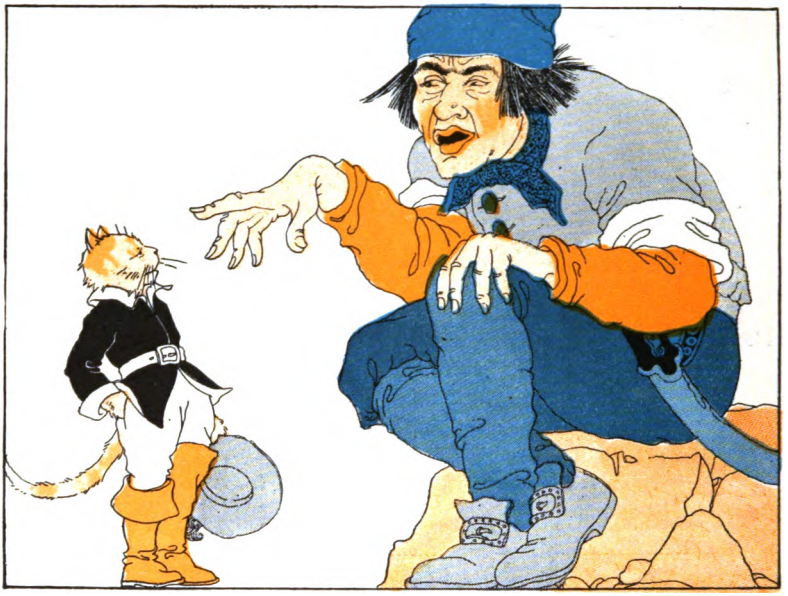
So when the King came by, he said,

"Whose land is this?"

They answered, "This is part of the land of the Marquis of Carabas.
He is very rich."

Puss walked on before, in her boots.
Soon she came to a giant's castle.
She stepped in. She saw the giant.
He was big and terrible.
She said,

"They say you can change yourself into a lion, or a mouse, or anything. Is it true? Can you show me?"



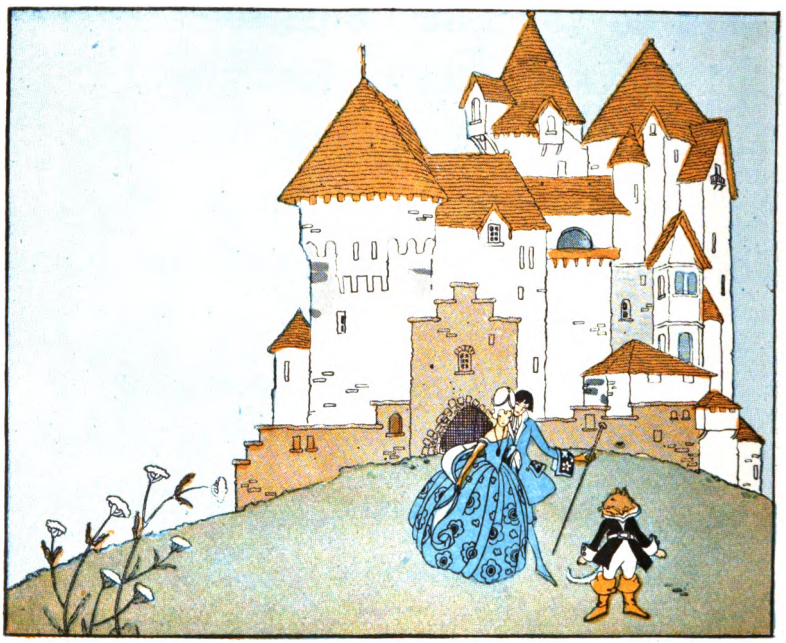
"Yes," said the giant, "I can."
Then he changed himself into a lion,
and roared so loud that
he almost broke the windows.
Puss was so frightened
that she ran clear up on the roof.
When she came down and peeped
into the room, there sat the giant.

"That was wonderful," said Puss.
"They say you can change yourself
into little things
as small as a rat or a mouse.
Is it true? Can you show me?"
"Yes," said the giant, "I can."
Then he changed himself into a mouse.
What do you think Puss did?
Zip! She jumped on the mouse,
and ate him up, just like that.

Then she went out to meet the King,
and said,
"This, O King, is the castle
of the rich Marquis of Carabas."
The King was pleased with the castle
and with the land
and with the young marquis.

So he gave his daughter
to the Marquis of Carabas.
The King stayed on a whole week
at the giant's castle.
And Puss, and the master, and his wife,
were happy there ever after.

Adapted from PERRAULT'S *Fairy Tales.*



A Farmer Went Riding

A farmer went riding upon his gray
mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

With his daughter behind him, so rosy
and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all
tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees and the
farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

Little Jack Frost

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and moon so still,
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.

Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night, when the winds were still,
Late in the fall, when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Oh!" sighed the flowers, "we freeze, we freeze."

"Oh!" sighed the grasses, "we die, we die."
Said little Jack Frost, "Good-by, good-by."

But when the sun brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow, and warmed the sky,
Then little Jack Frost went weeping by!
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;
It was so warm, and burned him so,
That little Jack Frost was glad to go.

Christmas Bells

All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day;
All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day;
All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And everyone on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day;
And everyone on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

WORD LIST

THIS Word List contains all the new words occurring in the First Reader except those which have been used in the Primer. Out of a total of over 8200 words in the First Reader, a few less than 600 are new. In the Primer and the First Reader 870 different words are used. Checked by E. L. Thorndike's *Teacher's Word Book*, 409 of these are from the 500 words occurring most frequently in reading matter in English; 170 are from the second 500 most commonly used words; 144 are from the second thousand most commonly used words. Less than fifty are outside the 5000 commonest words. These are mostly proper names, or phonic nonsense words such as hickory, dickory.

The words in the following list are arranged by pages and are marked according to the system in *The Teacher's Word Book*. Those from the 500 commonest words are marked *1a;* those from the second 500, *1b;* those from the second thousand are marked *2a*, *2b;* those from the third, fourth, and fifth thousands *3*, *4*, *5*. Other words are not marked. There are no new words on pages whose numbers are omitted.

7

blue	*1a*
horn	*2a*
sheep	*1b*
meadow	*2a*
corn	*1a*
who	*1a*
hay-cock (cock)	*2a*
fast	*1a*
wake	*1a*
him	*1a*
be	*1a*
sure	*1a*
cry	*1b*

8

love	*1a*
coat	*1b*
warm	*1a*
don't	*1b*
hurt	*1b*
harm	*2a*
food	*1a*
because	*1a*

9

have	*1a*
I've	*3*
London	*2a*
queen	*1b*
frightened	*2b*

10

Hi	
diddle	
fiddle	
moon	*1b*
dog	*1b*
laughed	*1a*
such	*1a*
sport	*2a*
dish	*2a*
spoon	*2b*

12

hickory	
dickory	
dock	*4a*
clock	*1b*
struck	*2b*

13

goats	*2a*
Billy	*3*
going	*1a*
across	*1a*
river	*1a*
grass	*1b*
grow	*1a*
fat	*1b*
first	*1a*

14

trip-trip	*1b*
bridge	*1b*
giant	*2a*

15

trip-trap	
trapping	*2b*
are	*1a*
O	*1b*
no	*1a*

17

pushed	*2a*

18

turnip	*5*
upon	*1a*
time	*1a*
old	*1a*
woman	*1a*

nice	*1b*
planted	*1a*
grew	*1b*
until	*1a*
pull	*1b*

19

would	*1a*
another	*1a*
great	*1a*
ground	*1a*
hold	*1a*
help	*1a*
tugged	*4*

20

girl	*1a*

23

stood	*1b*
line	*1a*

24

Baa	
black	*1a*
any	*1a*
wool	*2a*
yes	*1b*
sir	*1b*
full	*1a*
master	*1b*
dame	*3*
lane	*3*

25

Rock-a-bye	
rock	*1a*
when	*1a*
cradle	*5*
bough	*3*
breaks	*1b*
fall	*1a*

26

crooked	*4*
mile	*1a*
sixpence	
stile	
bought	*2a*
which	*1a*
caught	*2a*
together	*1a*

27

Humpty	
Dumpty	
King's	*1a*
horses	*1a*
men	*1a*
cannot	*1b*

28

sweeping	*2b*
new	*1a*
buy	*1a*
market	*1b*
bite	*2a*
shall	*1a*
to-night	*2b*
won't	*2b*

30

beat	*1b*
burn	*1a*
shan't	*5*

31

walked	*1a*

32

ox	*2b*
drink	*1a*

33

met	*1b*
butcher	*3*
kill	*1a*

34

rope	*2b*
rat	*2b*

35

gnaw	*5*

38

here	*1a*
drank	*4*

39

along	*1a*
both	*1a*

40

ant	*4*
Jerusalem	
snow	*1b*
cracked	*2b*
paw	*3*

41

strong	*1a*
spoke	*1b*
sun	*1a*
melts	*2a*
cloud	*1b*
hides	*1b*

42

drives	*1a*
mountain	*1a*
stop	*1a*

43

bored	*2b*
through	*1a*

45

chases	*2a*

53

making	*1a*
gingerbread	
cookies	
sugar	*1b*
raisins	*5*
eyes	*1a*
dinner	*1b*

54

stay	*1a*
watch	*1a*
oven	*3*
we	*1a*
know	*1a*
may	*1a*
as	*1a*
hopped	*3*
pan	*2b*
floor	*1a*
heard	*1a*
tried *2a* (try *1a*)	

55

minute	*1b*
yard	*1b*
road	*1a*
running	*1a*

56

happened	*1a*
them	*1a*
enough	*1a*
felt	*1b*
liked	*1a*
himself	*1a*
farmers	*1b*
wait	*1a*
stop	*1a*

57

outrun	
behind	

58

puppies	*5*

59

legs	*1b*
tired	*1b*
fox	*2a*
close	*1a*

60

move *1a*
only *1a*
seem *1a*
hurry *1b*

61

fine *1a*
Oh *1b*
those *1a*
think *1a*
never *1a*
kind *1a*

62

nearer *1a*
teeth *2b*

63

sing *1a*
song *1b*
pocket *2a*
rye *4*
four *1a*
twenty *1b*
baked *2a*
dainty *4*

64

counting-house
counting *1b*
money *1a*
parlor *3*
bread *1a*
honey *2a*
maid *2a*
clothes *1b*
nipped *5*
nose *1b*

65

star *1b*
sister *1a*
peep *2b*
wades
deep *1a*
poor *1a*

66

timid *4*
hare *3*
more *1a*
than *1a*
always *1a*
thought *1a*
terrible *2a*
thing *1a*
earth *1a*
might *1a*
should *1a*

67

last *1a*
believe *1a*
alone *1a*
noise *1b*
heavy *1a*
nut *2a*
became *1a*
almost *1a*
death *1a*
also *1a*

68

told *1b*
story *1a*
brother *1a*
family *1a*
forest *1b*
kept *1b*
animals *1b*
afraid *1b*
elephants *3*
tigers *4*

69

everyone *3*
passed *1a*
lion *1b*

70

asked *1a*
answered *1a*
why *1a*
show *1a*
nothing *1a*

71

every *1a*
slept *3*
twelve *1b*
hours *1a*

72

number *1a*
buckle
shoe *1b*
five *1a*
six *1a*
seven *1b*
eight *1b*
straight *1b*
nine *1b*
ten *1a*
toes *3*
roast *2a*
beef *3*

73

soldiers *1a*
'tis *3*
town *1a*
beyond *2b*
knee *1b*
high *1a*
travel *1b*
drill *2b*
row *1b*
captain *1b*
side *1a*

74

Titty
Tatty
stealing *2a*

75

stole *3*
ear *1a*
pudding *3*
herself *1b*
wept *3*
weep *2a*
matter *1a*

76

broom *3*
corner *1b*
room *1a*
swept *3*

77

windows *1a*
creak

78

bench *2b*

79

lose *1b*
lost *1a*
losing *1b*

80

shed *2a*
leaves *1a*
beautiful *1a*
green *1a*
pitcher *3*
supper *2a*

82

spill *5*
spilt
ladder *3*

83

neck *1b*
against *1a*

85

mill *1b*
miller *3*

grind 2b
baker 4
take 1a
rolls 1a
send 1a
morn 4a

86

hat 1b

87

mittens 5
wear 1b
wig 5
yet 1a

88

ding
dong
bell 1b
well 1a
Johnny 5
Stout 3
naughty 4
drown 2a

89

Jack Horner
thumb 3
plum 3

90

riddle 4
St. Ives
wives 1b
sacks 2b
many 1a

91

mulberry
bush 2a
round 1a
early 1a
wash 1b
our 1a
Monday 2a

92

iron 1b
Tuesday 2b
scrub 5
Wednesday 2b

93

mend 3
Thursday 2b
Friday 2a

94

bake 2a
Saturday 2b
church 1a
Sunday 2a

95

birthday 2b
child 1a
fair 1a
face 1a
grace 1b
woe 3
far 1a
works 1a
its 1a
born 1b
Sabbath 4
wise 1b
gay 2a

96

simple 1b
Simon 5
pie man
ware 4

97

penny 2b
indeed 1b
a-fishing (fish 1b)
whale
pail 3
dicky
bird 1a
fail 2a
salt 1b

98

brave 1b
years 1a
ago 1b
swinging 2b
Mrs. 1b
listening 1b

99

caged 3
palace 2a
set 1a
difference 1b
carried 1a
rage 3
sword 2a
drum 2b
street 1a
war 1a

100

fight 1b
find 1a

101

us 1a
poured 2a
club 2b
free 1a

103

crossing 1a
small 1a
large 1a
dried 4
itself 2a
stream 1b
slipped 2a
marched 1b

104

knocked 2a
thump 5
General 1a
loud 1b

105

angry 2a
bad 1a
hen-house
locked 2a
plenty 2a

106

scratch 3
twist 3
Ho 4
sweetly 1a
course 1a
very 1a
fellow 1b
wild 1b
stable 2b

107

whispered 2a
quick 1a
grand 2a
throne 2b
merrily 1b

108

guess 1b
tie 1b

109

sting 3
trunk 2a
stung

110

fear 1a
flow 1b
yourself 2a
wet 2a

111

troubled 1b

112

curl 2b
forehead 2b
horrid 5

113

broken *1b*
doll *2b*
ringing *1b*
Molly
silly *4*
sobbing *5*
sighing *2a*

114

Eyvind
happy *1a*
Norway *5*
white *1a*
roof *1b*

115

hill *1a*
lead *1a*
arm *1a*
led *1b*

116

Marit
farm *1b*
pet *4*

117

butter *1b*
cake *1b*
life *1a*
anything *1b*
handed *1a*
took *1b*

113

mine *1a*
sold *1b*
towards *1b*
sad *1b*

119

learn *1a*
asleep *2a*
dreamed *1b*

120

voice *1a*
fore *5*
danced *1b*
joy *1b*
sent *1a*
wrong *1b*
sorry *2a*
glad *1a*

121

their *1a*
suppose *1b*

122

persons *1a*
better *1a*
forgot *2b*
nest *1b*
good-by *3*
care *1a*
people *1a*
since *1a*
seen *1a*

123

boots *2b*
donkey *4*
sons *1a*
youngest *1a*

125

wish *1a*
silver *1a*
land *1a*
purred
bring *1a*
pair *1b*
feet *1a*
mud *2b*
done *1a*
brought *1a*
string *2b*
among *1a*
place *1a*
drew *2a*
country *1a*
Marquis
Carabas
much *1a*
field *1a*
quails

126

these *1a*
month *1a*
present *1a*

127

receive *1a*
riding *1a*
rode *2b*
company *1a*
meet *1a*
bank *1a*
dry *1b*

128

coach *2b*
between *1a*
daughter *1b*
belongs *1b*
rich *1a*
whose *1b*
part *1a*

129

castle *2a*
change *1a*
true *1a*

130

roared *2a*
clear *1a*

131

wonderful *1b*
zip

132

whole *1a*
week *1a*

133

gray *1b*
mare *4*
bumpety
bump

134

rosy *4*
lumpety
lump *4*
raven *3b*
croak *5*
tumbled *3a*
Mary *2a*
lamb *2a*
fleece *4*

135

followed *1a*
school *1a*
rule *1b*
children *1a*
teacher *1b*
lingered *3*
patiently *2b*
appear *1b*
eager *2b*
reply *1b*

136

Frost *2a*
still *1a*
bright *1a*
aloud *3*
late *1a*
yellow *1b*
faded *2b*
brown *1b*
flowers *1a*
freeze *2b*

138

die *1a*
spring *1a*
chirp *5*
sky *1b*
buds *2b*

139

angels *2a*
heaven *1b*